DREAM AND MEMORY.

I.

Like a radiant cloud of morn;
Like dim music in a fane;
Like a rose without a thorn;
Like a fountain without stain;
Like the moonlight's silver gleam;
Like an image in a stream,
Are the dreams of love.

Like sweet odors in the air,
Like the light in Beauty's eye;
Like the sky at evening ere
Its aerial colors die;
Like a solitary star,
Burning steadfastly afar,
Are the dreams of love.

II.

Like the mist upon a mountain;
Like a shadow from a cloud;
Like the darkness o'er a fountain;
Like a maiden in her shroud;
Like a meteor's lonely light
Falling through the depths of night,
Are love's memories.

Like a dream from which we waken
Tremulous with dark emotion;
Like a heart forever shaken
On the waves of sorrow's ocean;
Like whispered words with dying breath;
Like kisses from the lips of death,
Are love's memories.

RIGHTED AT LAST.

He was gone then! There was no hope! His little cap, and shoes, and jacket, found on the bank where he had laid them when he went in to bathe—silly child!—had been enough to convince the mother that her missing boy was lost to her. Yet it was close to where the river fell into the sea, and where the tide was strong—how, then, could she hope? But this latter news, the finding of this half-decayed body of a little boy, which the finder had been obliged to bury at once—this was too plain to be denied. She must give him up.

Mrs. Beaufort closed her doors and sat down in her splendid mansion to mourn. Her servants came and went around her, but she would see no one else. Her own kindred were too far away, across the ocean in the new world, to come to her; and she had known those of her husband's people only during the year that he had been master of Beaufort Manor.

He had been separated from his friends, a houseless wanderer, and they had cared nothing for him, till old Mr. Beaufort, the bachelor lord of the manor, dying, had, to their astonishment and indignation, left the great fortune which they had confidently expected would be divided between two families nearest of kin, to scapegrace, wandering Bernard Beaufert. It was for this, then, that they had flattered and petted the eccentric, cross old man! It was for this that they had lied to him over and over, and vowed that they expected nothing from him, and wanted nothing, and came to see only him, not the manor. They had borne his sardonic grins, when he listened to their falsehood, only that Bernard Beaufort, whom they hardly acknowledged for a relation, and his American wife, whom they had never acknowledged at all, and their boy, should inherit Beaufort Manor and all the old man's property, except the £100 apiece which he had mockingly bequeathed his two cousins and their twelve children, all told.

It was unbearable! And all because Bernard had had the art to name his boy Philip, after the old man. Had not each of his cousins a Philip—her eldest? But he said Philip had given him no notice of the naming, as they had; had asked no christening present; and that he, the old man, had heard the child's name only by accident. Therefore, it must have been named from some recollection.

When the new heir and his wife came home, the relations pocketed their wrath so far as to visit them. It was not worth while to shut themselves out of the place because it was not to be theirs.

Mrs. Beaufort astonished her new relatives. They expected to find a common person; they found a lady more highly bred and educated than themselves. An elegant form, habited with exquisite taste; a classical face, purely pale; rich, dark hair; bright, dark eyes; admirably self-possessed—such was the lady they went to criticise and patronize.

Scarcely had the bereaved mother mourned for her son a month when a lawyer's missive reached her; and she awoke to the fact that it was not only her son who was lost, but the heir of Beaufort Manor. The relatives and heirs had allowed her to stay so long out of regard to her feelings, and because they would rather she had proposed so go, and they were sorry she had obliged them to remind her that, by the late Philip Beaufort's will, the property was to go to the son of Bernard, and in case he died childless, to be divided between two cousins, the elder having the manor for life, the eldest son of the younger to inherit it at his death.

The childless widow rose up and went out of the sorrowful home that had been hers but a year and a half. No sympathy nor kindness were offered her now. They paid her the moderate provision that had been assured her and said "good-bye," with no invitation to remain or visit them. She was no longer necessary to them, and they could resent her past coldness.

Even when her husband died, six months after their coming to the property, she did not much seek their companionship, though they then redoubled their attention, as their hopes increased.

Bernard had been an affectionate but a dissipated husband; and if his wife grieved for him it was not as one without hope. Little Philip, her idol, now two years old, was left her, and she turned to him with all her heart.

And now he was gone! Three years old, and so venturesome! How had he eluded servants and mother and playmates? He had done so, in spite of every care. The river running past their park had enticed him, and he was gone. Every effort had been made, search, advertisements, rewards offered, but in vain; and the finding of that little body with the golden hair in curls about the face had satisfied her. A curl had been given the mother, and putting it side by side with one she had cut from Philip's head only a month before, they could not be told apart.

Mrs. Beaufort did not return to America, as they had expected. She could not leave the neighborhood where her darling's body lay, and where his innocent soul had taken wing. Shut up in this secluded house, which to her was not a home, she abandoned herself to grief. But after a year was past she was obliged to rouse herself. Her health was failing, and the good vicar, one of her faithful friends, could no longer refrain from reproof.

Mrs. Beaufort was not selfish, and she was not irreligious. At the call she lifted her head, looked about the world outside her retreat, and saw work enough to do. At that sight her energy awoke, and she laid aside her lamentations. But no one could see her white, sad face without being convinced that life had no charm for her.

And so four years passed. The Beauforts of the manor had taken no notice of her; but some of the country families still visited her, and she had many friends. Her means were small, but all the poor blessed her; for her kind word and helping hand were better than gold.

No one saw the lonely night when she wept and kissed those locks of golden hair, and gazed at the miniature of her boy's face.

One day the widow had been out on an errand of mercy, and was strolling slowly homeward in the soft, rich light of a June sunset. The blossoming hedges were full of singing birds, the trees bent over, the air was silent and laden with sweet odors.

As she walked slowly along the road a strange gladness stirred in her heart; for something pleasant had happened that morning. She had met the vicar that afternoon in her visiting—not for the first time, by any means, for Mr. Vernon was kind to the poor, and was also a kind friend to this bereaved lady. But something new had shown itself in his manner; or if not new, it was, at least, shown in a decided manner that seemed new.

The Rev. Mr. Vernon had married early in life, and his wife had lived but a few years. His best friends thought that the less said about the latter the better. The gentleman had been drawn into the marriage at an age when he should have been at his studies, and it was a happy thing for him that the companionship had been brief. He had not cared to repeat the experiment. With a large circle of admiring friends, and quiet, well-kept house, he said to himself that he would be foolish to change. And he had not wished to change till now. His sympathy had been aroused by the sorrows of the lovely Mrs. Beaufort, and his tenderness by the beauty of her character. But not until within a few weeks had he known how deep that tenderness and sympathy were, nor how sweet it would be to have that fair face and form to adorn his home, and be forever in his sight.

To-day, for the first time, the truth had broken out. It was but a word. Seeing her look paler than usual, the young clergyman had asked impulsively, "Are you ill, Alice?"

It was the first time he had called her by that name, and the color flashed over his face as soon as the words had passed his lips. But his bright eyes dwelt on her face as he saw the answering blush, the sweet, sudden smile, the quick look up into his eyes, then the drooping glance.

"No, not ill," she stammered, "I am very well."

Others came near, and both interrupted and relieved them. Enough had been said for that time. But when they parted Mr. Vernon took her hand in gentle clasp, and asked permission to come to see her soon, and thanked her earnestly when permission was accorded.

That was all, but it was enough to change all the world for his tender lonely heart.

"How good he is to think of me who have nothing, when so many younger and richer ladies would gladly have had this preference!"

"There is a little boy waiting to see you, ma'm," the servant said when she entered the cottage. "He has a letter for you."

"Who is he?" Mrs. Beaufort asked.

"He is a stranger, ma'am, and a pretty lad. I think he is a sailor like, but a gentleman's son."

You can send him to me," Mrs Beaufort said.

She entered the parlor, and in a few moments the messenger stood before her. She merely glanced at him, scarcely moving, as he gave her the note, and stood, cap in hand, before her as she read.

It was written coarsely by an ignorant person, and the name signed was that of a man-servant who had lived at the manor when she had been ousted, a ratainer of her husbands reltaives. It was dated Calcutta, and marked "Important."

"MADAM: I think you would do well to adopt this boy as your son. Perhaps you will like him almost as well. He is a smart little felfow, and has no bad habits, and he has no father. I have known him since he was two years old. If you want any more information, ask it of yours to command,

JOHN SLADE."

A strange enough note, presuming and inexplicable. She dropped it and looked at the messenger, a straight, well-formed boy, with slender hands and feet. His hair was light, and curled loosely like other hair she had seen. His large violet eyes were like other eyes she had seen before, his mouth, the dimple in his chin, the turn of the head—

She gazed on him a moment, like one in a trance, then started.

"Heavens, boy! what is your name?" she cried Who are you?"

"My name is Phil Phillips," he answered, with a smile that went to the heart, with a voice that set her trembling. "I don't know who I am. I was picked up at sea when I was three years old."

"But this man, this John Slade, says he knew you at that time," she exclaimed, starting up. "And he has been away only a year."

"Yes," said the boy looking with wonder to see the lady so agitated, "he came to see me in America, and took me to Calcutta with him, and he has been good to me. He told me that my father was dead, but my mother was alive, and that my name was Phillip, but would not tell me what else. He said that you knew who my mother is. I want to find my mother," the boy added, tremulously. "I don't like going about the world so."

What explanation could be made she knew not. But with a mother's intuition she knew her long lost child. She kissed and questioned him; she listened to a recital of all his recollections, and with every word her assurance grew stronger. His faint recollections of the great house, the pony carriage, of many a little incident which she herself recalled—all were confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ.

The next morning Mr. Vernon called to see Mrs. Beaufort, and before he had been with her fifteen minutes they were engaged.

"Oh, my dearest, my most true and disinterested friend!" she suddenly broke forth, "I have such news to tell you: I can keep it no longer. Say once again that you love and choose me poor and alone."

She leaned on his arm, and looked beautiful, tearful eyes into his face.

"I choose you so, my love," he said, "I want nothing with you."

She leaned a moment on his shoulder, then gently disengaged herself from his embrace, and, going to the door of an inner room, opened it, and beckoned to some one there.

A boy of seven or eight years of age ran to catch and kiss her hand. She led him to the vicar.

"It is my little Philip come back from the dead," she said, "and I ask you to leave the vicarage for the manor."

No matter about proofs. They were not wanting, and they were convincing. The Beauforts would own to nothing—they only gave up and went out of the usurped inheritance. But the servant, John Slade, charged the proprietor with having withheld from Mrs. Beaufort the advertisement which described the child that had been picked up at sea.

"We did not believe that it was the child," they said, "and we thought it would only agitate Alice unnecessarily."

It was a lame excuse, but the best they had.

So Mrs. Beaufort went back to the great house, proudly leading her son, and all the people bowed down to her and congratulated her, of course. And when the clergyman, Mr. Vernon, left the parsonage to marry her, more than one noble gentleman cursed his own stupidity in not having fallen in love with the widow while there was a chance.

The Tyranny of Buttons.

Among all the possible arguments for woman's natural inferiority to man the only one having real force has never been formulated; this is her meek and unquestioning submission to buttons.

The buttons of the male habiliments are always coming off,—notably before breakfast, when the average husband is about as amiable as a bear with a sore head. At this time, if he finds a button loose, he gives it a "yank," and then looks about helplessly for his victim,—the first woman coming into his field of vision. He hold sthe button up before her, says it has "come" off, and she is expected to sew it on straightway. Generally the victim is his wife; and though the baby may be crying, and the breakfast preparations in need of supervision, while the tyrant himself has nothing on earth to do but make his toilet, and has moreover, sewing-materials right before him on the bureau or dressing-table, he never rises to the conception of his possible competence to supply his own wants. Woman, in his eyes, is the preordained supervisor of buttons; and a delicate consideration for her rights and prerogatives is his motive for relegating the task to her; at least this is the way he apologizes, when in a playful mood, for his lack of deftness with the needle, which, as a rule, is wholly the fault of the women who had charge of his boyhood. They should have taught him to replace the buttons he is forever wrenching off with his rude fingering. One or two lessons about the time the boy begins to go to school, a little work-box placed in his room, coatsining needles, thread, two or three kinds of buttons, and an open-top thimble,—the only kind that ever should be worn,—and the problem is solved for a lifetime; for whatever one is accustomed to do from childhood one does easily and dexterously. Women have shown their capacity for accomplishments and attainments supposed to be exclusively masculine. It is time for a corresponding display of ambition and adaptability on the part of men; and they cannot make a better beginning than by learning to sew on their own buttons.

Royal People They Had Met.

Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.

"One time," the man on the wood-box said, "I met three kings. I had only two little jacks and two queens with me, and I was compelled to entertain these monarchs at an expense of $172 right on the spot."

"I met a count under somewhat similar circumstances," said the fat passenger; "it was at a royal assemblage; Dom Pedro was there, and I had only a few royal personages to set off a whole cluster of plebeian ten-spots, and the count alone cost me $11."

"I was at Bucking 'em palace one night," remarked the tall, thin passenger, "in Denver. I bucked against the royal Bengal tiger until 3 o'clock in the morning, and his majesty cost me every thing I had, even down to the boots on my feet, so I went to my hotel in my arctics."

"So much for Bucking'em," said the cross passenger.

"You didn't know the prints?" queried the man on the wood-box.

"What prince?" asked the tall, thin passenger.

"The prints on the cards," was the reply.

"No," said the tall, thin passenger, but I knew the marquis against me every time."

"It isn't so exciting, but it is much cheaper and safer," said the sad passenger, "to sit down at a beer table and enjoy a little dominoes with the duchess."

"You have met the duchess frequently then?" asked the cross passenger.

"Thousands of times," said the sad one.

"I never sit down at a euchre party," remarked the fat passenger, "without the countess."

"No indeed," they all murmured.

"The counters duke three games out of five away from me last night," said the passenger with the sandy goatee.

"That was czard luck," remarked the sad passenger.

"That's what made you rajah 'round so when you came in this morning," said the man on the "wood-box. "I heard you mention the shah, too."

"I was mad," replied the passenger with the sultin'"—

"The cool what?" inquired the cross passenger.

"Eastern sultan," replied the passenger with the sandy goatee.

And then the fat passenger groaned and said he gave up hope for such a man. And the woman who talks bass suddenly looked up from under her black gloves and wanted to know what under the sun they were talking about.

"Royal people we have met," timidly said the bashful passenger, who got in at the last station.

The woman who talks bass snarled under her breath.

"You rile everybody you meet," she said, and the discussion went out like a kerosene lamp in a breezy railway.

A Valuable Coin.

An expert coin dealer says the most valuable modern coin is a Confederate States silver dollar, which is valued at $1,000. There were only a few of these coins struck. The Confederate Government had the dies made and a few coins were struck at the New Orleans Mint for the inspection of the Confederate officials. They found, however, that they had no silver, and no more were coined. Jeff Davis says he had one of these coins on his person when he was captured, but some one took possession of it—he does not know who. Possibly it may be in circulation yet as a genuine coin of the United States. One side of the coin was in fact made with a regular die used in the New Orleans Mint to strike off United States silver dollars. The other side was specially devised for the purpose. The legend reads: "Confederate States of America." There is a shield, with bars and seven stars, surmounted by a liberty cap. The shield is inclosed by a wreath composed of cotton and sugar stalks.

In the police court at Chicago, a wife thus ingeniously explained away serious charges of harsh treatment of her poor husband. "One day when she was running across the room, with a fork in her hand, he jumped in the way and struck his wrist against the fork, wrenching it from her grip by the prong, which he ran into his wrist. Then he attempted to strike her, but she held up a pan of hot water between them, and he spilled it all over his head. Then he got still more angry at this accident, and started to jump at her, but his head came against her hand and he fell down. She took hold of his hair to raise him up, but it was so moistened by the hot water that it came off. Then she saw it was no use to reason with him any longer, and she left the house."

They were sitting silently by the parlor fire, intently watching the hands of the clock as they slowly crawled around to the biggest striking place. Suddenly she said: "Mr. Lordand, can you tell me why you are like a century plant?" Mr. L. nervously adjusted his eye glass, wiggled about in his chair and stammered; Because I live for—for—forever? "No, you dunce; its because it takes you so long to leave."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MISS LOLLIPOP'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Wide Awake.

Miss Lollipop thought she must help
To wash up the dishes and wipe off the shelf,
To brush off the table and sweep up the floor,
And clean off the stains from the paint on the door.

She put on her apron and pulled up her sleeve—
She didn't want work that was only make-believe;
"For muzzers who've dot yittle chillens," said she,
"Must have yittle housekeekers; dat's what I'll be."

Little Miss Lollipop went through the room
Whisked the dust high with the edge of her broom,
Broke the poor cup which she dropped on her floor,
Left the paint twenty times worse than before.

Spattered and splashed—but O! how could I chide
The little heart swelling with sweet helpful pride?
"For how would my muzzer be able," said she,
"To get fro her work if she didn't have me?"

Dearer the love in the sunny blue eyes,
Than the dust she is raising which fades as it flies;
Better to miss the best cup on the shelf,
Than chill the dear heart which is giving itself.

Dear little Lollipop we are like you,
Spoiling the work we are trying to do—
But surely the Father, who loves us, will heed,
And take in his kindness the will for the deed!

A Child's Victory.

BY C. H.

Harper's Young People.

On the rug before the open fire sat Pussie, her head against her Aunt' knee, her Skye in her arms—a picture of content. After a silence of at least two minutes she drew a long breath—so long that Aunt Kitty laguhed, and asked her what the matter was.

With a good deal of hesitation the little girl answered, in a very sad voice, "Because it is almost time to go to bed."

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Because—because—I don't want to say."

"Then I will tell you why. Shall I, dear?"

"Oh, auntie, you don't know. You can not even guess why."

Aunt Kitty stooped over and whispered something, which had the effect of bringing Pussie on her feet, as she exclaimed, "Why! how did you know?"

"I once was a little girl myself, dear?"

"Oh yes, I know; but then you never felt as I feel about the dark."

"Don't be too sure of anything, little one. What would you say if I told you that I found out your fear of the dark just because I used to feel just as you do now?"

Still incredulous, Pussie shook her head saying. "But when did it go away? You are not afraid of anything now?"

"Come here, and I will tell you," and taking the child on her knee, Aunt Katherine told her little story of her own life.

"When I was a child I was as timid as a hare. I was very shy; I did not like strangers, and I did not care for companions of my own age. I was perfectly happy with my mother and father and my beloved dolls. Now you see you have the advantage of me, for you are not shy, you are fond of little girls and boys, and then, too, you have your dogs and your pony. Now I was so afraid of a dog that the sight of one, as far off as I could see him, filled me with such terror that I instinctively drew up my small legs, and then took to my heels. I was so afraid of a worm that I have gone a whole block out of the way to avoid passing one. I am afraid, Pussie, that I was a born coward, but nothing was so absolutely awful to see as the dark. A familiar room was bad enough when unlighted, but one that was unoccupied was to me the most truly horrible place that could be conceived of. The windows, with their distinctly defined sashes, were one of the most frightful features to me, and I remember lying awake at night and seeing the four or eight white squares in the darkness, and trembling with fear—of what I did not know." And Miss Katherine heard a little murmur.

"Oh, Auntie, it always frightened me so! I am glad it frightened you to." And with a closer cuddle she says, "Please goon."

Once my father spoke to me about it, reasoning with me most lovingly and tenderly, never uttering one word of ridicule or of reproach, telling me that no one else could help me in overcoming the dread of darkness, but that I might conquer it myself. I used to wonder if I should ever feel as he did about it, and be as brave as he was in every way.

"Some little time passed away, and when I was about seven or eight years old an idea flashed though my brain, and I will tell you what I did.

"It was just about this hour, between six and seven o'clock, and at this season of the year, when I made up my mind to explore the whole house in the dark. Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane (you remember I was telling you about them only last night?) could not have had a firmer conviction of the dangers they were braving than I had at that moment. The Dark was quite as unknown a region to me as the north pole to them, and set thick with terrible risks and perils; but having made up my mind to do it, the possibility of retreat did not occur to me, for I remember I felt as if it were a sort of duty, a promise to my father; so I walked out of the room where all the family were sitting by the fire-light, and began to go up the first flight of stairs in the back part of the house—unlighted save by a ground-glass window, through which the hall lamp threw a dim light. I had made up my mind to begin with the worst, and went steadily up, one, two, three, four flights of stairs; the last led to the attic, divided into two rooms—the outer one finished but never occupied, the inner one unfinished, and each lighted by a window in the roof, and communicating by a little door, so low that, small as I was, I could not stand upright in passing through. In utter darkness I climbed the steep stairs, closing the door at the foot, and at last found myself groping my way into the inner attic I had just described. Then on my hands and knees I crawled under the eaves, breathless and trembling; I left no corner unexplored. I remember going back more than once to be sure that I had not 'shrinked.' In this way I went into every room, crawling under every bed, which was an especial horror to me; I didn't know why—do you, Pussie?"

"Oh auntie, it is dreadful under the beds!"

"But what is it you are afraid of? Are you afraid that some one is concealed who will hurt you?"

"No, indeed; I don't know *what* it is, but I always feel that *something* is hidden there, auntie—something awful."

"Well, Pussie, so did I, and as I crawled out from each bed I felt I had a narrow escape, expecting the next would reveal the dreadful thing. And all this time the windows seemed to grin at me; but I thought of my father, and of his telling me that I could 'conquer if I only tried,' and I went on, closing the door of every room as I went in, going faithfully into every closet, and feeling with my hands under every piece of furniture which was not set close to the floor. It was such a long time to me! I felt as if I had not seen my father and mother for hours; but at last I began to feel that I was near the end, and I recall going back and exploring for the second time the unknown region under the last bed, because I felt in my heart that I had not been honest about it. I was conscious that the left corner nearest the window had not been really investigated. At last it was finished, and I can remember how I felt when I opened the door of the room where the others were laughing and talking, with bright lights and the fire—I can remember my bewildered feeling; as if waking from sleep, and the sensation of having been saved from something; and when my father put his hand out to me and drew me to his side, asking where his little girl had been all the time, and I cuddled up to him as you are doing now, dearie, I was so happy as I whispered back so softly that none of the rest could hear. 'I have been everywhere in the dark, under the beds and all.' I shall never forget the look he gave me as he drew me closer to him, and kissed me, and whispering back, "My brave little girl!" And when by-and-by my mother's lovely eyes beamed upon me as she stooped and kissed me, I felt quite repaid for all my distress, and, my darling, I never afterwards suffered in the same way. Of course I had little thrills and panics, but only for a moment. I could always send them away when I thought of my father's kiss. If I had any courage, it is due to my dear father's loving reasoning, to his patience and his sympathy."

Both arms were round Miss Katherine's neck, and Pussie said, gently, "Auntie, I will try." And she did try, and did conquer her foolish fears so thoroughly that the dark has lost its terrors for her, and a braver little girl can not be found in the country.

Boys.

Some people imagine that the world was made for men. All a mistake; it was simply intended for boys to amuse themselves in. Who enjoys life except the boy, if we except an occasional girl or two? Nobody. Grown-up folks try to think they do, and some really imagine they do, but they are mistaken. Men work themselves up into a fever of excitement over an election. They hold mass-meetings and get up torch-light processions of great length and noisy roar, but do they get any fun out of it? Not a bit. It is the boys on the outside who do that. They are the ones who build the bonfires on street corners, and they do a large share of the hurrahing. Men in a possession move along as solemnly as though they were going to their own funeral, if such a thing were possible, but the boy who observes them from the curb-stone or who trots along close to the drum-major, is all animation and joy. He takes it all in, and is the freshest one in the party when the tramp is completed, no matter how long he is in passing a multitude of given points. No one gets such keen enjoyment out of a play as the gallery god. And all circuses in the country are gotten up with an eye single to his special amusement. If we could be a girl again we would be a boy.

A Princely Boy.

In the palace of a small German capital a German duchess, distinguished for her good sense and kindness of heart, was celebrating her birthday.

The court congratulations were over, and the lady retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her private room. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs.

"Ah!" she said, "there are my two little grandsons coming to congratulate me."

Two rosy lads, ten and twelve years of age, came in, one named Albert, the other Ernest. They affectionately greeted the duchess, who gave each of them the customary present of ten louis d'or (about $48) and related to them the following suggestive anecdote:

"There once lived an Emperor in Rome who used to say that no one should go away sorrowing from an interview with a prince. He was always doing good and caring for his people, and when, one evening at supper, he remembered that he had not done an act of kindness to any one during the day, he exclaimed, with regret and sorrow, 'My friends, I have lost a day.' My children, take this emperor for your model, and live in a princely way like him."

The boys went down the stairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a poor woman, wrinkled and old, and bowed down with trouble."

"Ah, my good young gentlemen," said she, "bestow a trifle on an aged creature. My cottage is going to be sold for a debt, and I shall not have anywhere to lay my head. My goat, the only means of support I have, has been seized; pity an old woman and be charitable."

Ernest assured her that he hadn't any change and passed on. Albert hesitated. He thought a moment of her pleading look and tears came to his eyes. The story of the Roman Emperor came into his mind. He took from his purse the whole of the ten louis d'or and gave them to the woman. Turning away with a heart light and satisfied, he left the old woman weeping for joy. The boy was Prince Albert, of England, justly called "Albert the Good," and afterward the husband of Queen Victoria."

He Is an Ass.

Wheeling Leader.

If humanity continues as gullible as it has shown itself in the last few years, we shall advocate a new kind of school primer in order that people may learn in their childhood what you can't beat into some of them with a triphammer, even when they are old enough to go to Congress.

One lesson we should advocate having fixed up in something after this style:

"What is three card monte?"

"It is a bad, bad game."

"Who plays three card monte?"

"One man who looks like a farmer. One man who looks like a new-school philosopher."

"Can two play this game?"

"Yes, my child. Even four can play at this game."

"What does the fourth man do?"

"He gets left, my child. He gets badly left. He loses all his money. He pulls his hair and uses wicked words."

"Then the fourth man is an ass for playing."

"He is an ass."

New Use for Saw-Dust.

The *Lumberman* says: We have been shown a model of a car wheel consisting of an iron rim of seven inches outward diameter one half inch thick, fitted with a well-proportioned hub the space between the hub and rim filled with pine saw-dust, pressed in so solidly that we are ready to believe the assertion that resting the iron beams upon bearings, a pressure equal to 23 tons applied to the hub failed to develop any signs of weakness. We hesitate in these days of progress to assert that anything is impossible, and we begin to think that even saw-dust possesses elements of value hitherto unsuspected, and that the day may come when the filled grounds adjacent to saw-mills may be seen to have a great value in the mechanical development and utilization of the now useless debris placed upon them to get it out of the way. Saw-dust car wheels, saw-dust brick, saw-dust fence posts, railroad ties, and even saw-dust window and door frames; wainscoating and moldings, begin to appear among

A Wood-Splitting Machine.

A novelty in mechanics is a wood splitting machine. It acts exactly upon the guillotine principle. An enormous axe, weighing, with its fixtures, 200 pounds, runs up and down between two uprights, and is controlled by a pair of levers. As the section of a log drops from the buzz saw, it rolls down an incline to the splitter. Here a workman places it under the axe, which, descending, splits it with almost incredible ease and dispatch. The toughest and knottiest "old setters," which it would take a man a half a week to split with an ordinary axe, are disposed of in a second. The rapidity with which it works may be imagined from the fact that it can split wood as fast as it can be sawed in the mill. It does as much work in a given time as 20 men could accomplish.

Where the Lumber Goes.

Every new settler upon the fertile praries, says the Northwestern Lumberman, means one more added to the vast army of lumber consumers; one more new house to be built, one more barn, one more 40 acres of land to be fenced, one more and perhaps a dozen corn cribs needed. But it means more; it means an extension of railroad lines with the vast consumption of lumber consequent thereupon, it means an additional incentive to other projected settlers to take farms near the first comer; it means churches, school houses and stores, sidewalks, paved streets and manufacturers, and it means new channels of enterprise constantly opening which add to the yearly increasing demand for lumber. These explain what becomes of the enormous amount of lumber which the saw-mills of the Northwest are yearly grinding out.